TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, *IOHN*, EARLE of *Bridge-water*, Viſcount *Brackley*, and BARON of *Elleſmere*: AND THE TRVELY NOBLE, AND VERTVOVS LADY, *FRANCES*, COVNTESSE of *Bridge-water*, &c.

His ſingular good Lord, and Lady.

RIGHT HONOVRABLE:

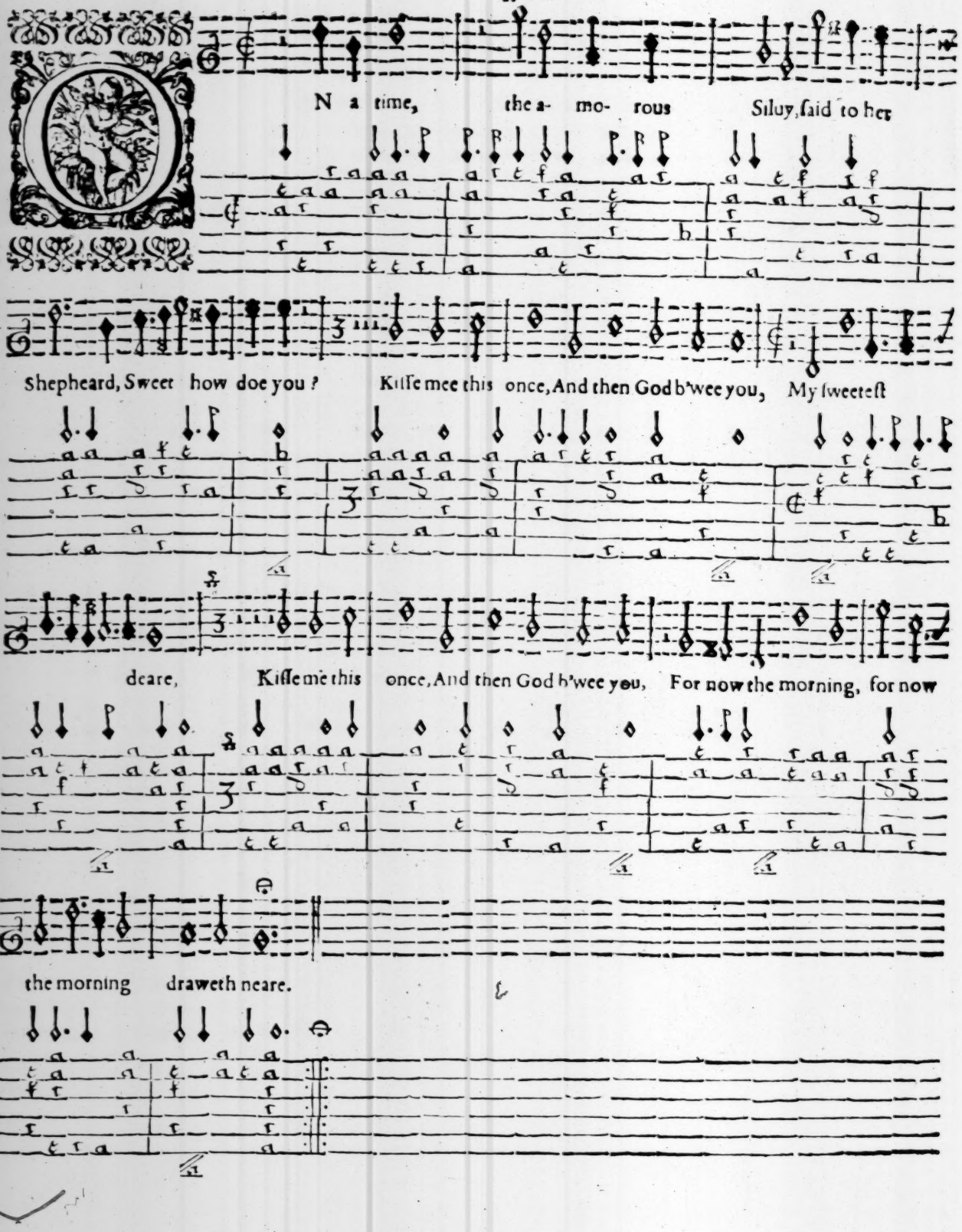
IT is no diſparagement to the glorious Sunne, that it diſcends to fructifie and illuſtrate the low and humble Vallies; neither can it bee ſo to your Eminence if you vouchſafe to bow ſo low, as to Patronize theſe my vnwrothy Eſſaies; wherein your *Honours* haue ſo much the more intereſt, becauſe the beſt part thereof were compoſed vnder your roofe, while I had the happineſſe to attend the Seruice of thoſe worthy and incomparable young LADIES your Daughters, who (by Gods fauour) ſhall one day repay vnto you a plentifull Harueſt, of that Noble and Vertuous education you now beſtow vpon them.

For me to vndertake the due prayſes of diuine MVSICKE, before your *Honours*, who are no ſtrangers, either to the *Theory* or *Practicke* thereof, were but to heare one read old *Phormio's* Lecture of Warre, before the heroicke *Hannibal*: And therefore contenting my ſelfe, with this indubitable Aſſertion, *That there is no Creature (rightly Compoſed) either Animall or Rationall, but beares an innated loue and propenſion to this excellent faculty; And that many great Princes haue not diſdayned to make their Maiſter-peece thereof, as may appeare by thoſe heauenly Hymnes and raptures of that Kingly Prophet, with ſome others, recommended by Hiſtorie, or to tranſcend them, by the delicious Muſicke of the harmonious Spheares, or aboue all, by the ſweet Songs of the holy Angels, with their* Gloria in Excelſis; The conſideration whereof, leaues me rather to admiration then expreſsion. Right Honorable, I ſhall eſteeme my ſelfe abundantly graced, if vnder the Noble protection of your Honours, I may by this meanes but vindicate my ſelfe from being held a Drone in the mellifluous garden of the MVSES, and contribute but the ſmalleſt drop to the immenſe Ocean of this diuine knowledge. Beſeeching that Sacred power who firſt made you great, and vertuous, to retaine you ſo to the end, and that after a long life, crowned with all your worthy deſires, you may leaue a ſweet memorie behinde you, for Poſteritie to emulate; Which is, and euer ſhall be, the Prayer of

YOVR HONOVRS

moſt humble and deuoted Seruant,

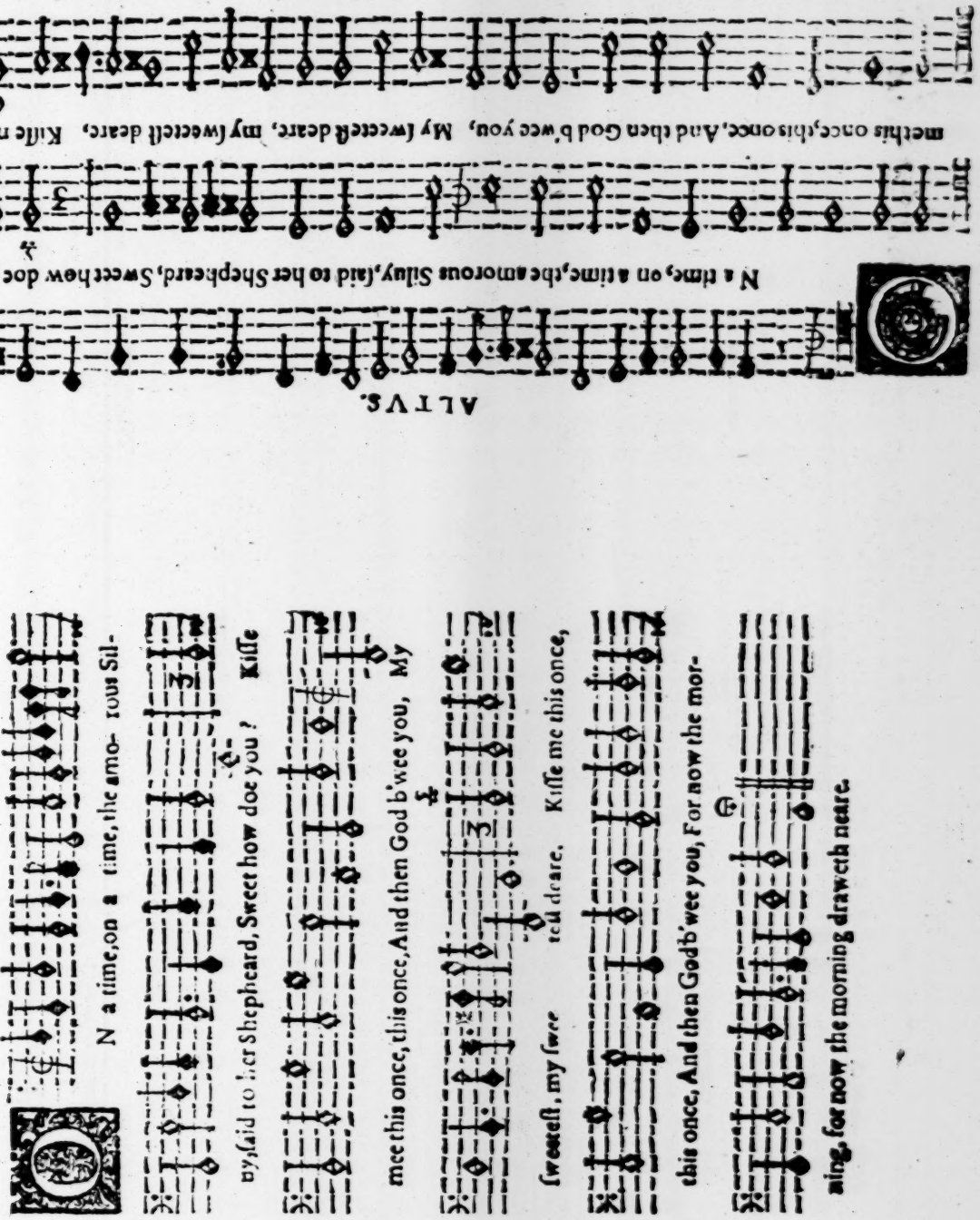
IOHN ATTEY.



With that her faireſt boſome ſhewing,
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowing;
She ſaid, now kiſſe me and be going,
My ſweeteſt deare.
Kiſſe me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth neare.

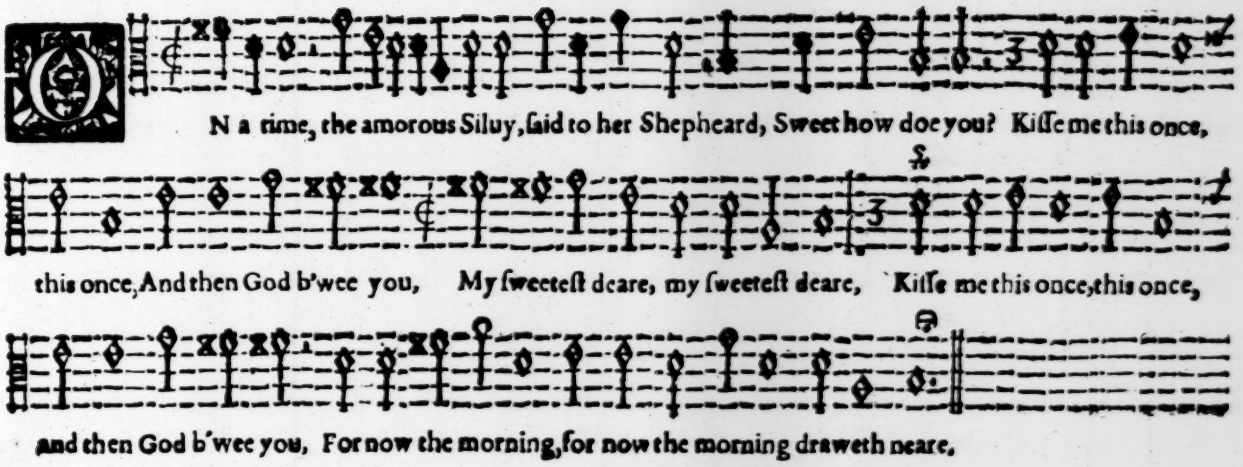
With that the Shepheard wak'd from ſleeping,
And ſpying where the day was peeping,
He ſaid now take my ſoule in keeping:
My ſweeteſt deare,
Kiſſe me, and take my ſoule in keeping,
Since I muſt goe now, day is neare.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.

TENOR.



THe gordian knot which *Alexander* great, Did whilome cut, did whilome
Was nothing like thy Busk- point pretty peat, Nor could ſo faire, nor could ſo

cut, with his all- conquering ſword; Which if I chance, to cut or elſe vn- tye,
faire an Au-gu- rv af- ford:

Thy little world, thy little world Ile conquer preſently.

WHat is all this world but vaine? What are all our ioyes but paine? What our pleaſures but a dreame,

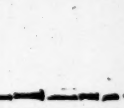
Paſſing ſwift- ly like a ſtreame?

2 Like a flower now we grow,
Like the Sea we ebbe and flow:
Still vncertaine is our change,
Like the winde ſo doe we range.

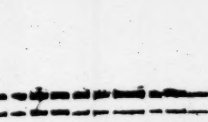
3 No contented ioy wee haue,
Till within the ſilent graue
Our fraile fleſh be laid to ſleepe;
Then we ceaſe to mourne, to weepe.

4 Who would truſt to worldly things,
Which beguile the greateſt Kings?
I will ſet my heart on high,
And contented ſo will dye.

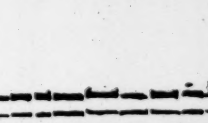
BASSVS.



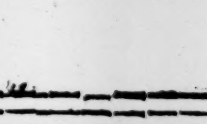
He gordian knot which *A- lex- ander* great, Did whilome cut, did whilome,
Was nothing like thy Busk point pretty, Nor could so faire, so faire, nor could so



cut, with his all-conquering sword, Which if I chance to cut, to cut, or else vntye, Thy little
faire an Au- gu- ry af- ford:

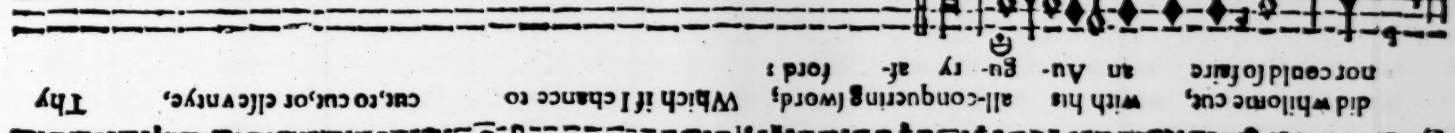


world lle conquer presently.

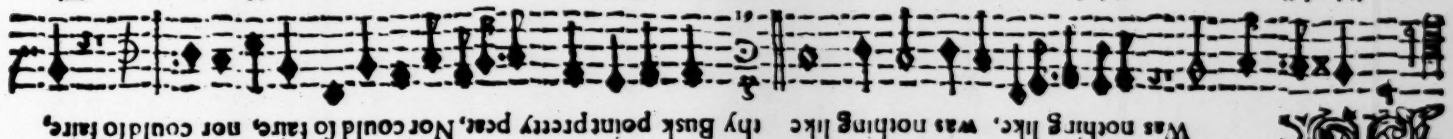


VVHat is all this world but vaine? What are all our ioyes but paine? What our pleasures but a
dreame, Passing swiftly like a streame?

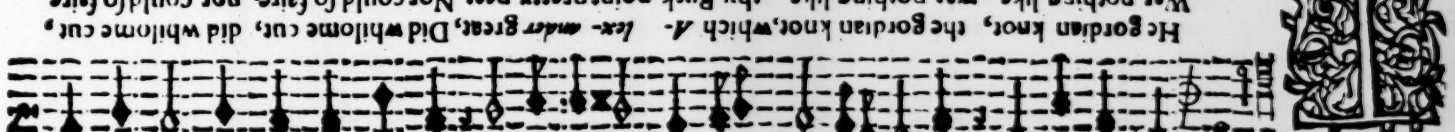
ALTVS.



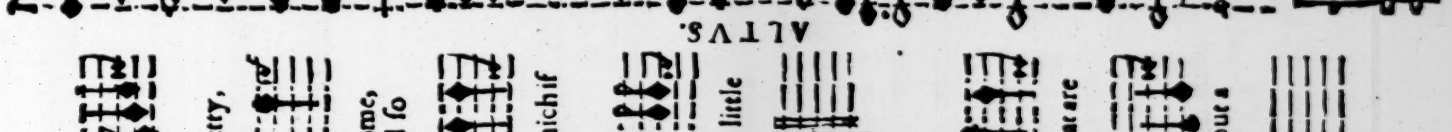
He gordian knot, the gordian knot which *A- lex- ander* great, Did whilome cut, did whilome cut,
Was nothing like, was nothing like thy Busk point pretty pear, Nor could so faire, nor could so faire,



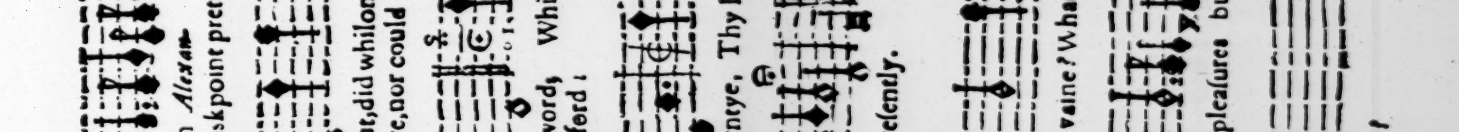
did whilome cut, with his all-conquering sword, Which if I chance to cut, to cut, or else vntye, Thy
nor could so faire an Au- gu- ry af- ford:



little world lle conquer presently.

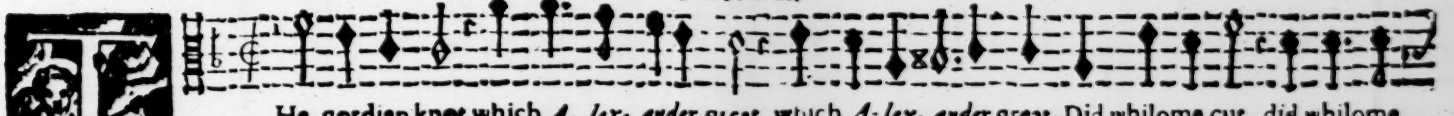


VVHat is all this world but vaine? What are all our ioyes but paine? What our pleasures but a

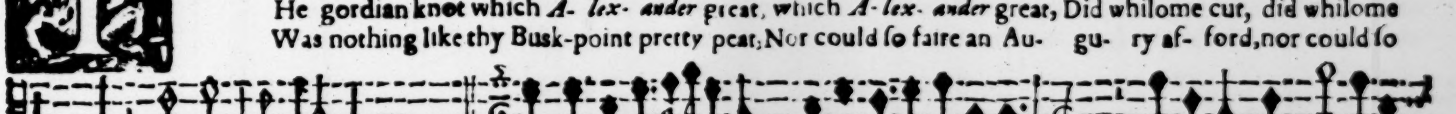


dreame, Passing swiftly like a streame?

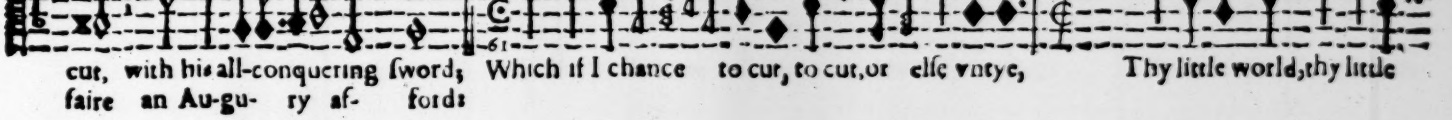
TENOR.



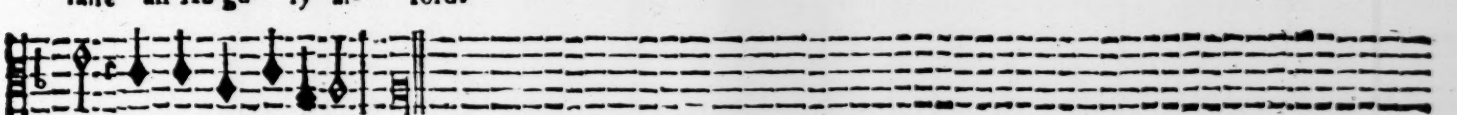
He gordian knot which *A- lex- ander* great, which *A- lex- ander* great, Did whilome cut, did whilome
Was nothing like thy Busk-point pretty pear, Nor could so faire an Au- gu- ry af- ford, nor could so



cut, with his all-conquering sword, Which if I chance to cut, to cut, or else vntye, Thy little world, thy little
faire an Au-gu- ry af- ford:

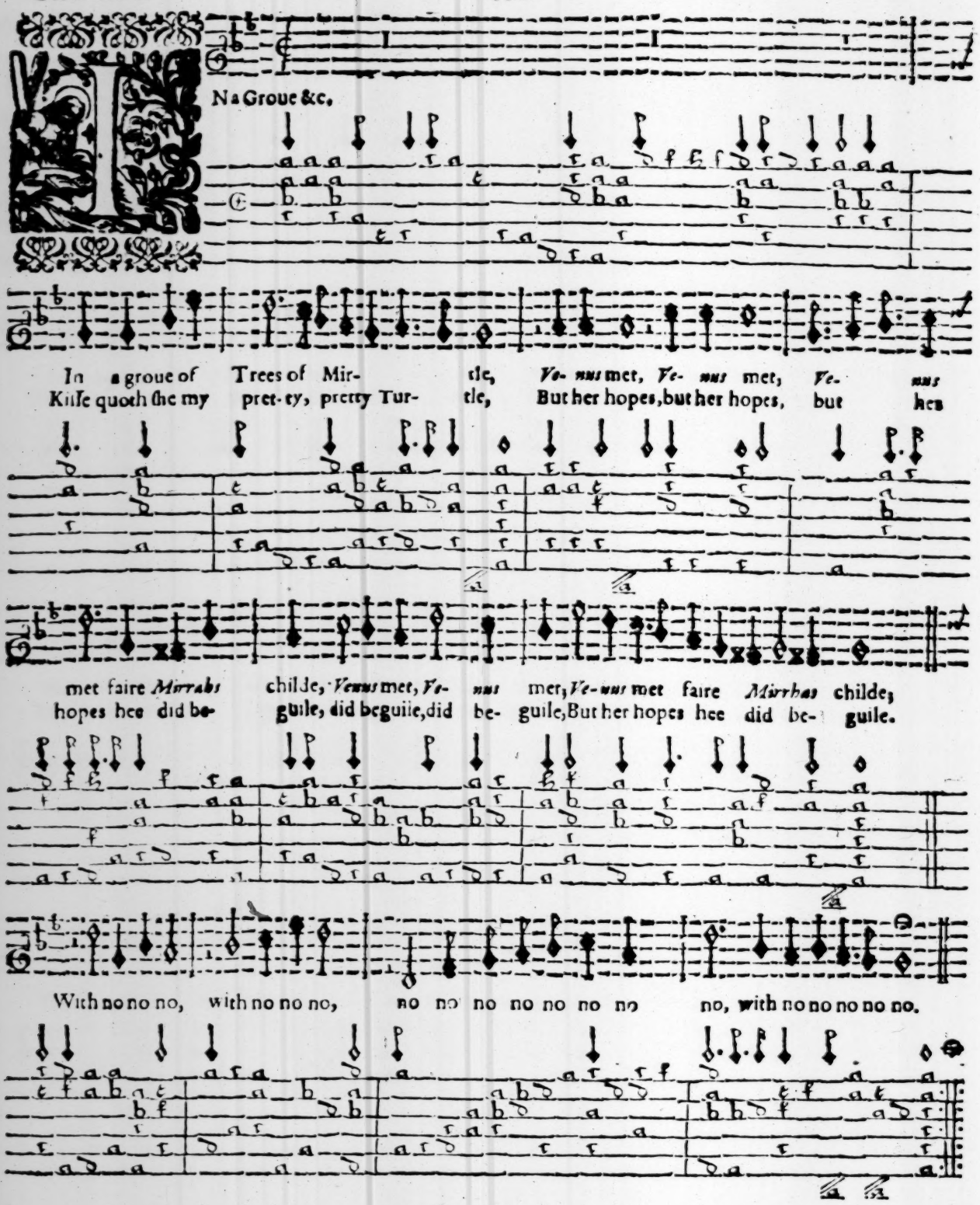


world lle conquer presently.



VVHat is all this world but vaine? What are all our ioyes but paine? What our pleasures but a dreame, Pas-

sing swiftly like a streame?



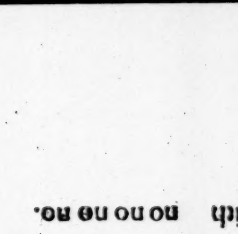
2 Come, oh come my deareſt treaſure,
And looke Babies in my eyes:
Coll, and kiſſe, inioy thy pleaſure;
But her kindneſſe he denyes,
With no &c.

3 Lowtiſh Lad come learne to venture,
On the Iuory breſt of loue:
I dare ſtay thy worſt encounter;
But her words as winde did proue,
With no &c.

4 Shall then loue be thus abuſed,
By the beauty of a Boy?
Shall my Temple be refuſed,
Will *Adonis* ſtill be coy?
With no, &c.

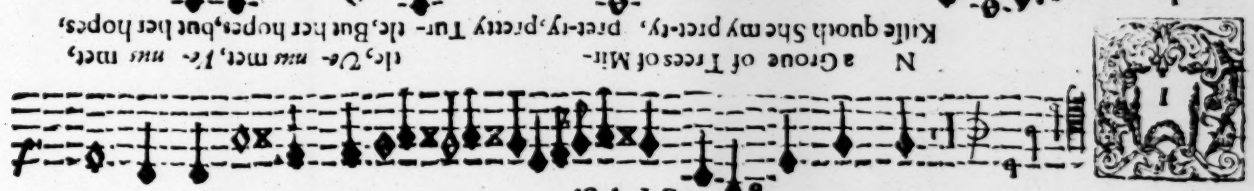
5 Then I vow that beauty euer,
Shall neglected be of loue:
Let the fooliſh Boy perſeuer,
He the folly now ſhall proue,
Of no no.

BASSVS.



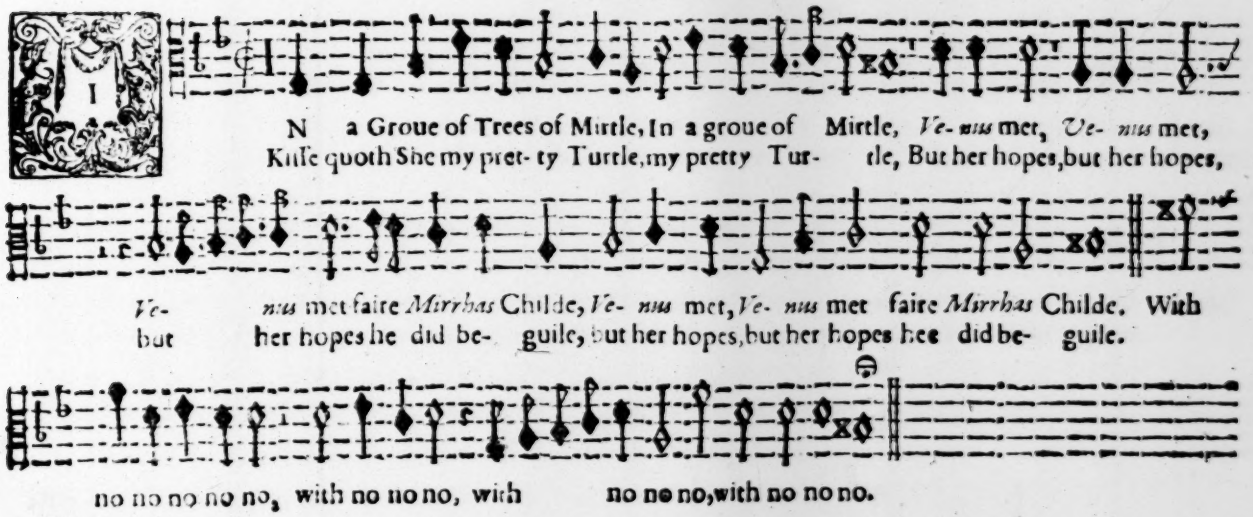
In a Greue of Trees of Mirtle, In a groue of Mirtle, *Ve- nus* met, *Ve- nus* met,
Kisse quoth She my pret- ty Turtle, my pretty Turtle, my pretty Tur- tle, But her hopes, but her hopes,
Ve- nus met faire *Mirrhas* Childe, *Ve- nus* met, *Ve- nus* met faire *Mirrhas* Childe. With
but her hopes he did be- guile, but her hopes, but her hopes hee did be- guile.
no no no no no, with no no no, with no no no, with no no no.

ALTVS.

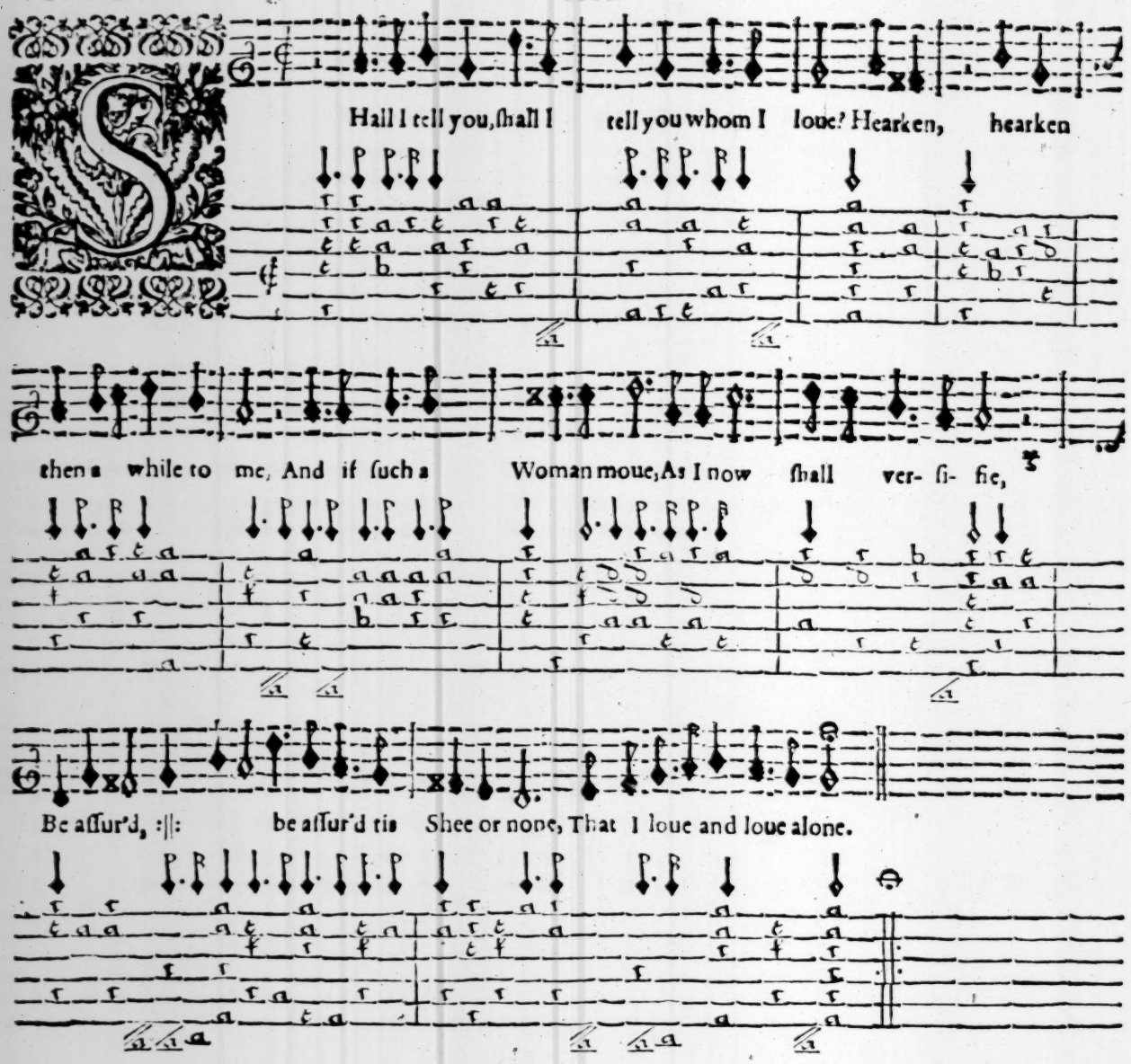


N a Groue of Trees of Mir- tle, *Ve- nus* met, *Ve- nus* met,
Kisse quoth She my pret- ty, pretty Tur- tle, But her hopes, but her hopes,
Ve- nus met faire *Mirrhas* Childe, *Ve- nus* met faire *Mirrhas* Childe, faire
but her hopes hee did be- guile, but her hopes he did be- guile, hee did be- guile.
Childe. With no no no no, with no no no no, with no no no no, with no no no.

TENOR.



N a Groue of Trees of Mirtle, In a groue of Mirtle, *Ve- nus* met, *Ve- nus* met,
Kisse quoth She my pret- ty Turtle, my pretty Tur- tle, But her hopes, but her hopes,
Ve- nus met faire *Mirrhas* Childe, *Ve- nus* met, *Ve- nus* met faire *Mirrhas* Childe. With
but her hopes he did be- guile, but her hopes, but her hopes hee did be- guile.
no no no no no, with no no no, with no no no, with no no no.



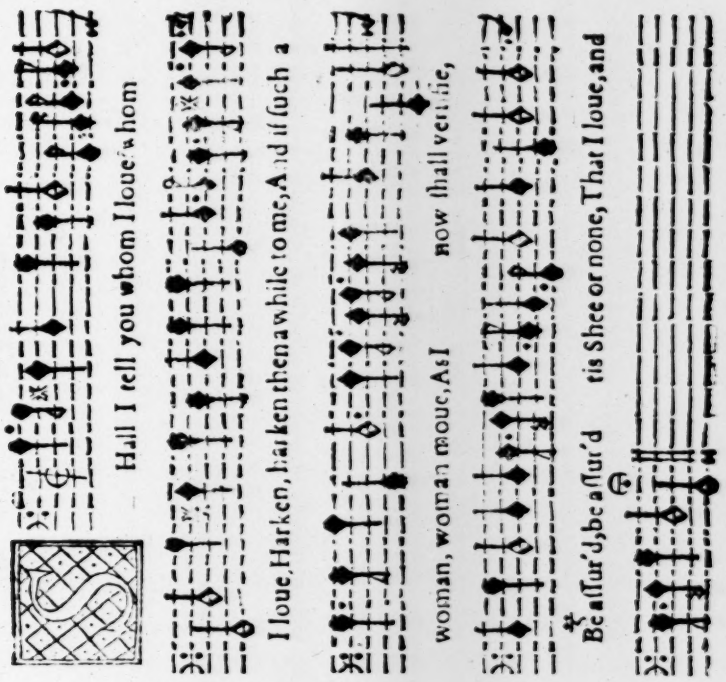
2 Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the helpe of Art:
In as many vertues dight,
As ere yet imbrac'd a heart.
So much good so truely try'd
Some for lesse were Deify'd.

3 Wit she hath without desire,
To make knowne how much shee hath;
And her anger flames no higher,
Then may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

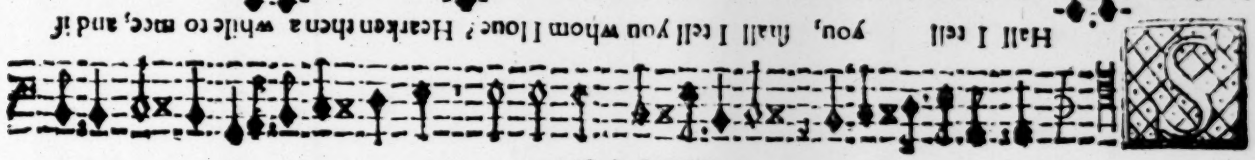
4 Reason masters euery Sence,
And her vertues grace her birth;
Louely as all Excellence:
Modest in her most of myrth.
Likelyhood enough to proue,
Onely worth could kindle loue.

5 Such She is, and if you know,
Such a one as I haue sung,
Be she browne or faire, or so,
That Shee be but somewhat young.
Be assur'd tis shee or none,
That I loue and loue alone.

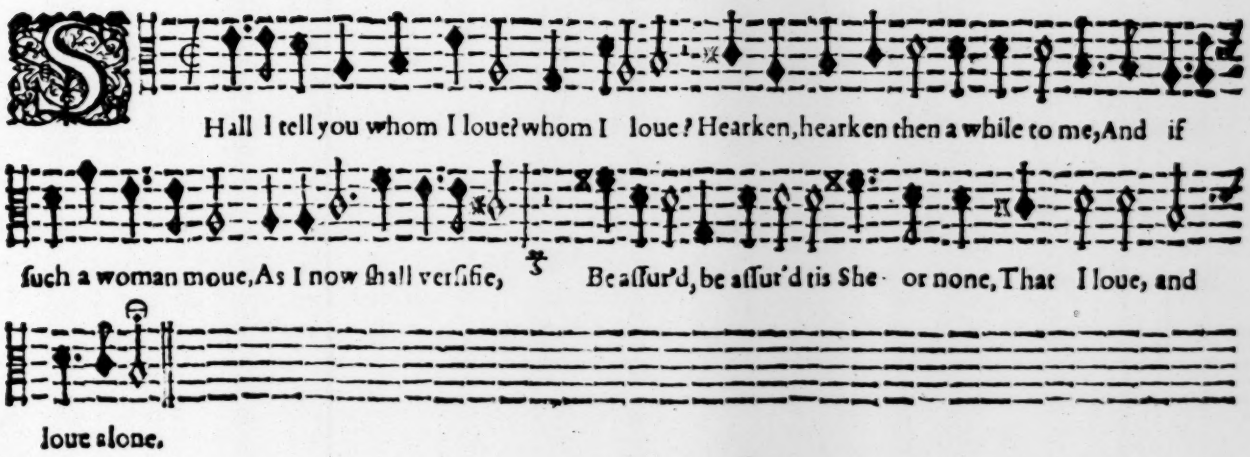
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



TENOR.



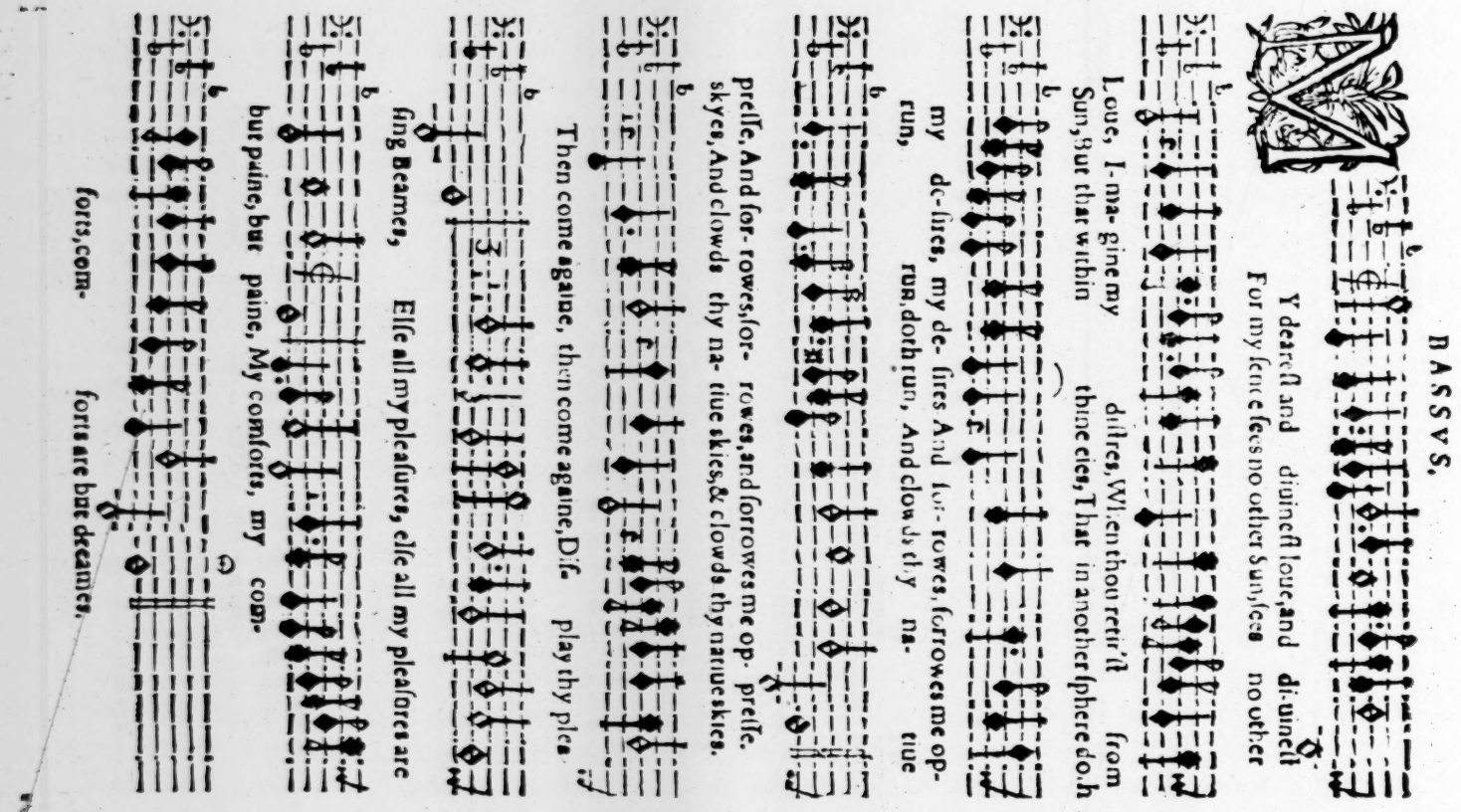
MY dea- reſt and de- ui- neſt loue,
For my ſence ſees no o- ther Sunne,

I- ma- gine my di- ſtreſſe, When thou retir'ſt from my de- ſires, And for-
But that which in thine eyes, That in anc- ther Spheare doth runne, And clowds

rowes, for- rowes, ſorrowes, and ſorrowes me op- preſſe. Then come againe, then come a-
thy na- tiue skyes. And clowds thy natiue skyes.

gaine, Diſplay thy pleaſing Beames, Elſe all my pleaſures, Elſe all my

pleaſures are but paine, My comforts, my com- forts are but dreames.



ALTVS.

MY dea-rest and di-uinest loue, di-ui-nest Loue, I-ma-gine my distresse, di-stresse, When
For my sence sees no other Sun, But that within thine eyes, Which in a-no-ther Sphere doth runne, And

thou re-tir'st from my de-sires, And sorrowes me oppresse, And sor-rowes me op-presse. Then
clowds thy natiue skyes, That in another sphere doth run, And clowds thy na-tiue skyes, clowds thy na-tiue skyes.

come againe, come againe, Dis-play thy pleasing Beames, thy pleasing Beames, Else all my plea-sures, Else all my,

pleasures, Else all my pleasures are but paine, My comforts, my comforts are but dreames, but dreames, are but dreames.

Right Starre of beauty, Bright ſtarre of beauty, on whoſe Temples ſit, *AppollOes* wildome,
O what faire garland, O what faire garland, wor- thy is to fit, Thy faire bleſt brows,

Appol- loes wiſ- dome, and Dame *Pallas* wit, *Ap- pol- loes* wiſ-dome and Dame *Pallas* wit:
Thy faire bleſt browes that compaſſe in all merrit? Thy faire bleſt browes that compaſſe in all merrit?

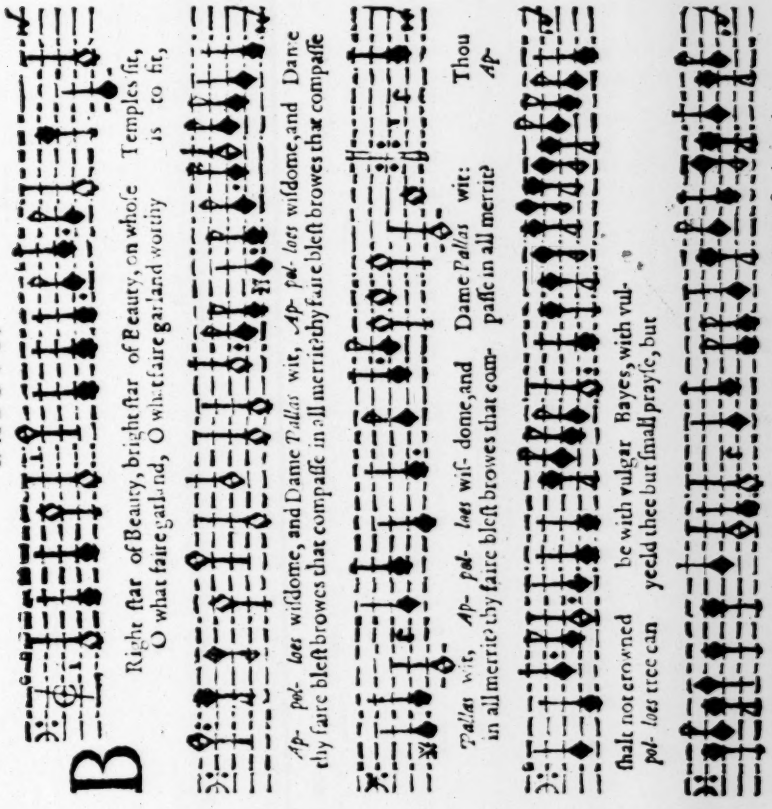
Thou ſhalt not Crowned be with vul- gar Baye-, with vul- gar
Ap- pol- loes Tree can yeeld thee but ſmall praiſe, thee but ſmall

Bayes, Be- cauſe for thee it is, is a a Crowne, a Crowne too baſe:
prayſe, It is too ſtale a Ve- ſture for, for that place, a Veſture for that place.

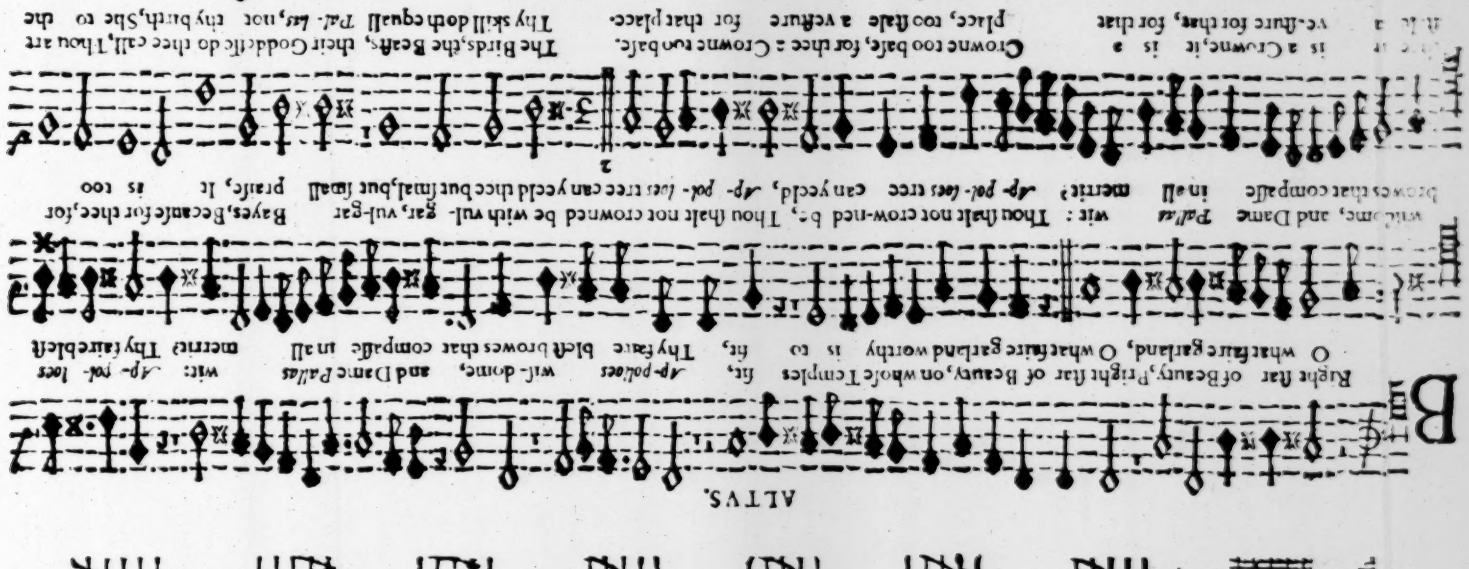
The Birds, the Beaſts, their Goddeſſe doe thee call, Thou art their Keeper, Thou art their Keeper, Thou
Thy skill doth e- quall *Pal- las*, not thy birth, Shee to the Heauens, Shee to the Heauens yeelds Muſicke,

preſeru'ſt them all: Thou art their Keeper, Thou preſeru'ſt them all.
Thou to the Earth. Shee to the Heauens yeelds Mu- ſicke, Thou to the Earth.

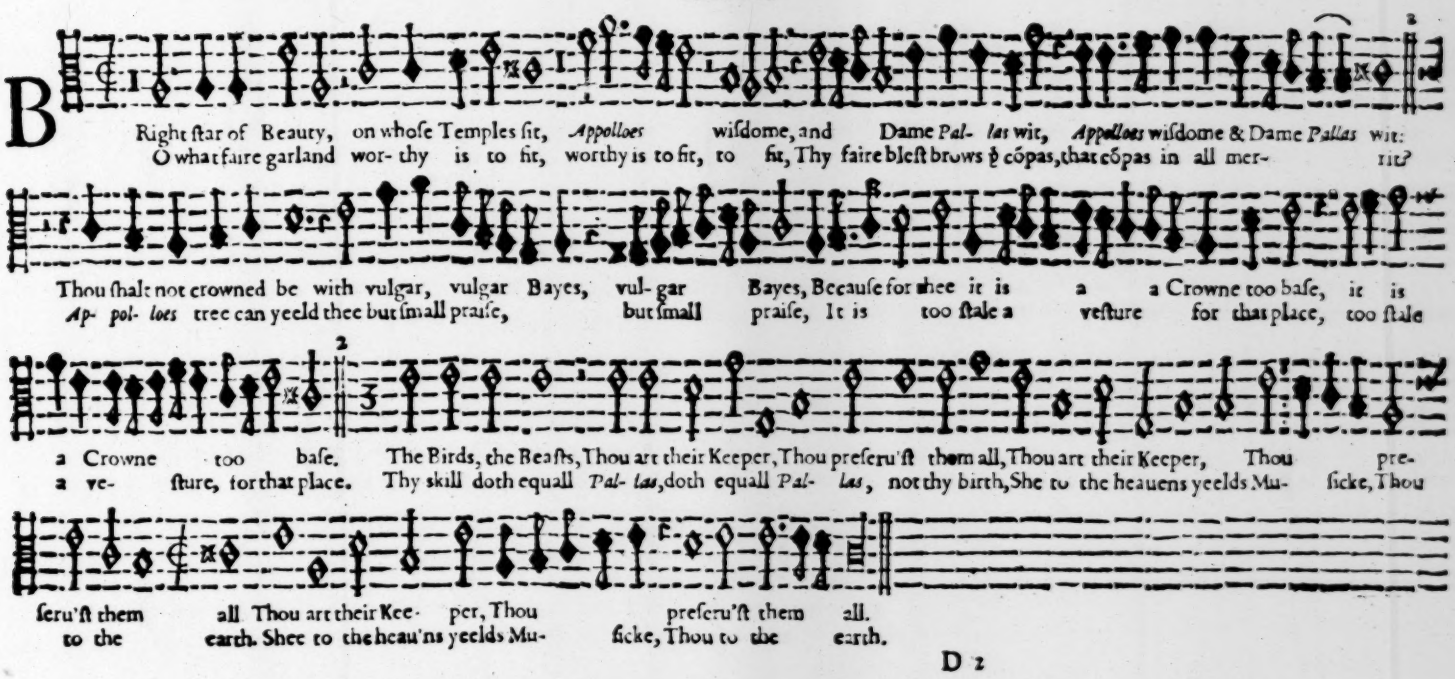
BASSVS.



ALTVS.



TENOR.



THinke not tis I a- lone that ſing her praiſe, No, all regard her

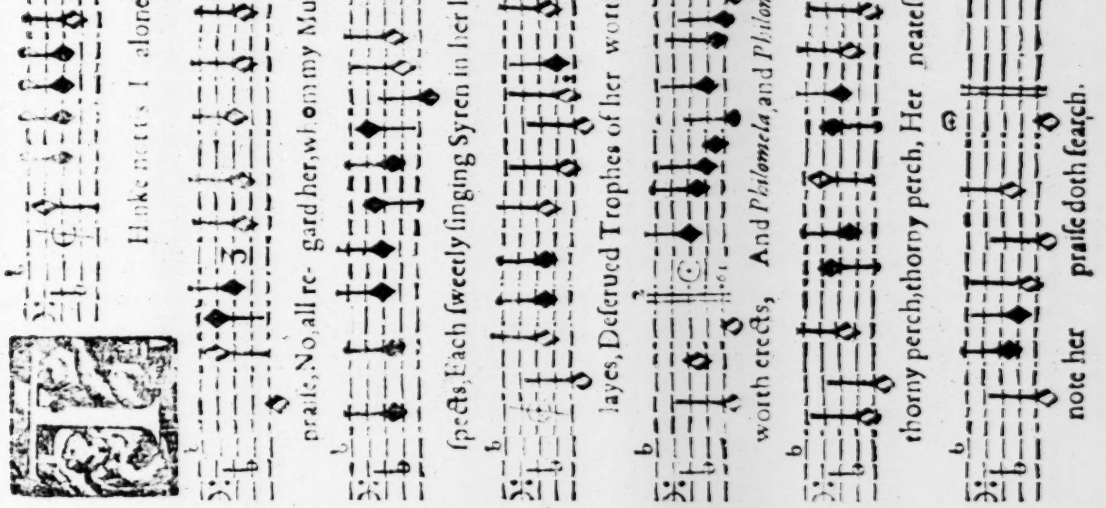
whom my Muſe re- ſpects, Each ſweetly ſinging Syren in her layes, De-

ſerued Trophes of her worth erects, Her worth erects, And *Philo- mela*, and *Phi-*

lome- la on her thor- ny perch, Her neateſt notes, her neateſt notes, to note her

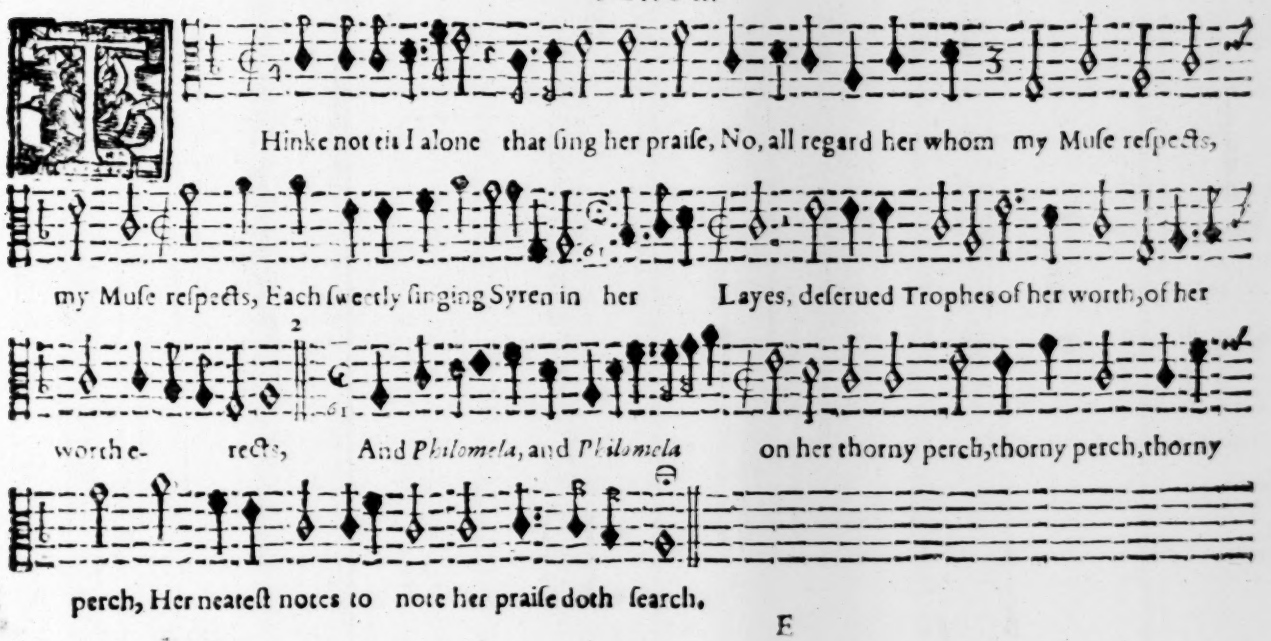
praiſe doth ſearch.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.

TENOR.



I

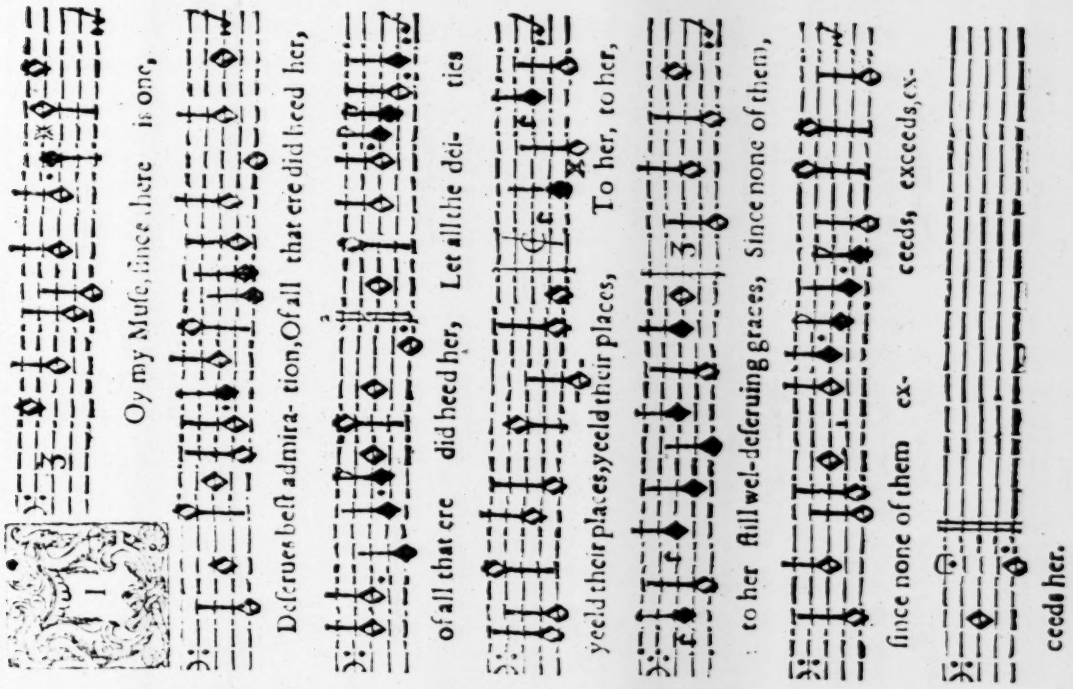
Oy my Muſe, ſince there is one, De-

ſerues beſt admira- tion, O all that ere did heed her, Let all the deities,

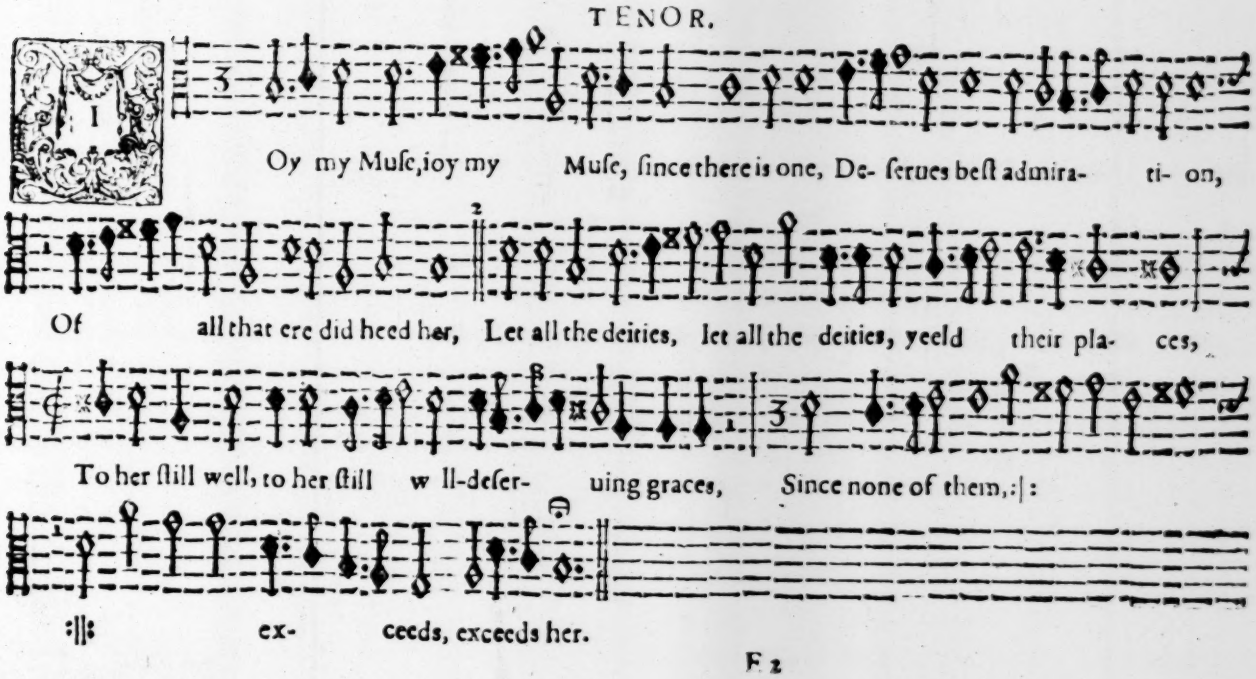
let all the deities, yeeld their places, To her, To her ſtill well- de- ſeruing gra-

ces, Since none of them, Since none of them, Ex- ceeds, ex- ceeds, ex- ceeds her.

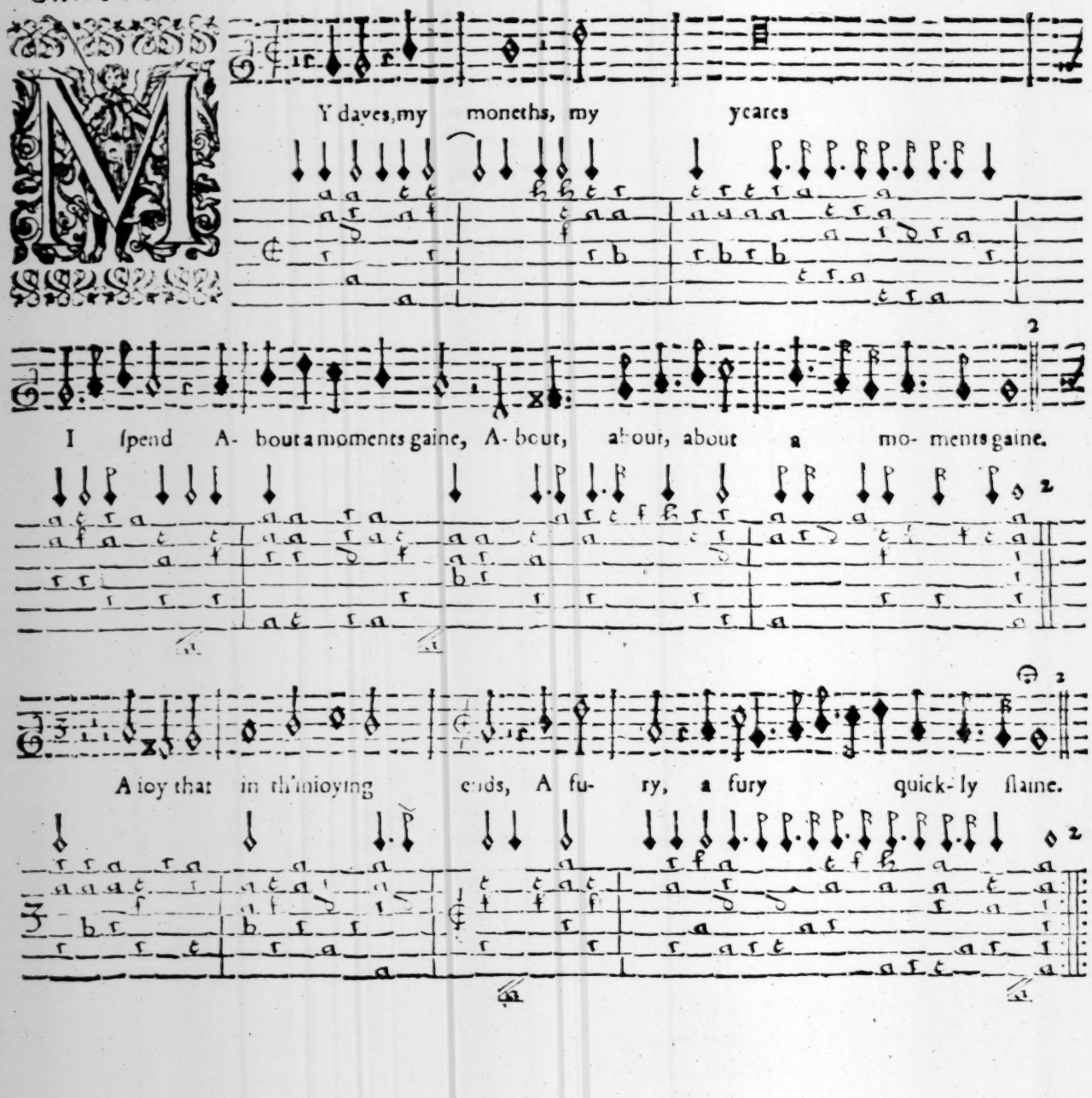
BASSVS.



TENOR.



ALTVS.

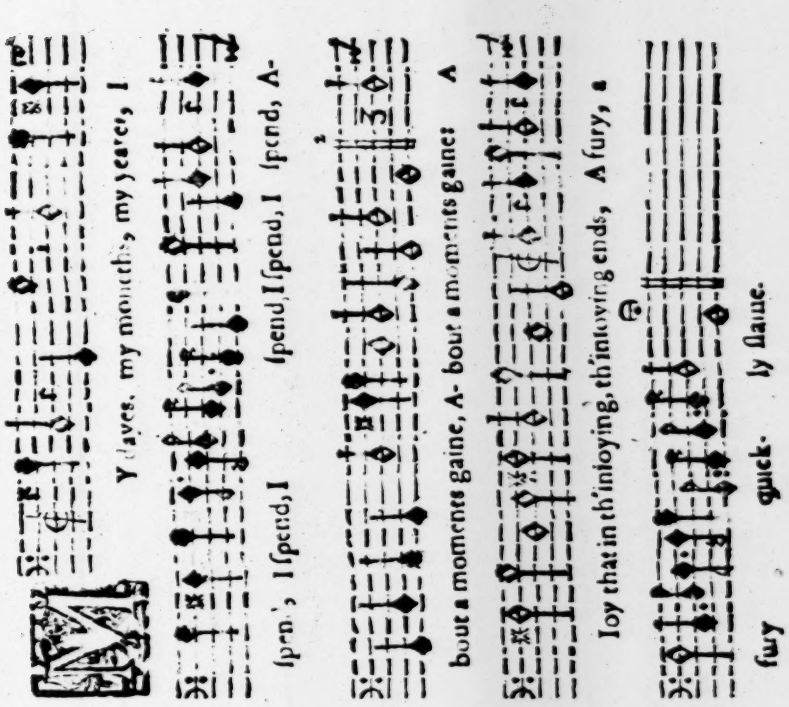


2 A fraile delight, like that Waſpes life,
Which now both friskes and flies:
And in a moments wanton ſtrife,
It faints, it pants, it dyes.

3 And when I charge my Lance in reſt,
I triumph in delight:
And when I haue the ring tranſperſt,
I languiſh in deſpite.

4 Or like one in a luke-warme Bath,
Light wounded in a vaine:
Sperts out the ſpirits of his life,
And fainteth without paine.

BASSVS.



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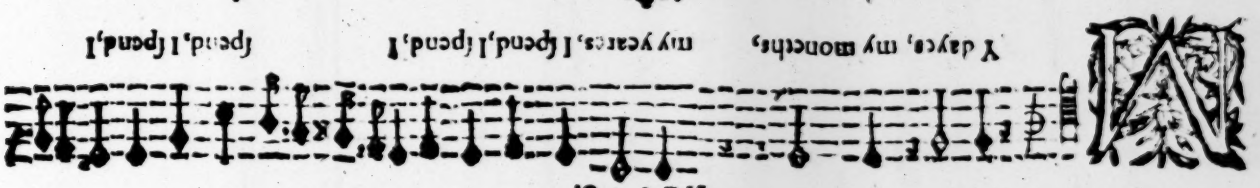

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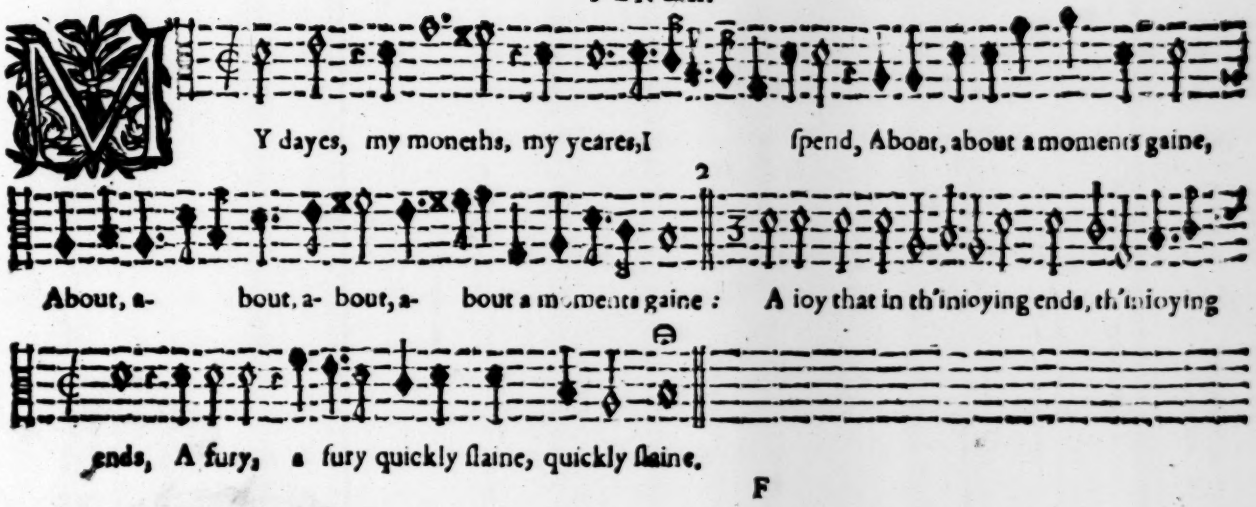
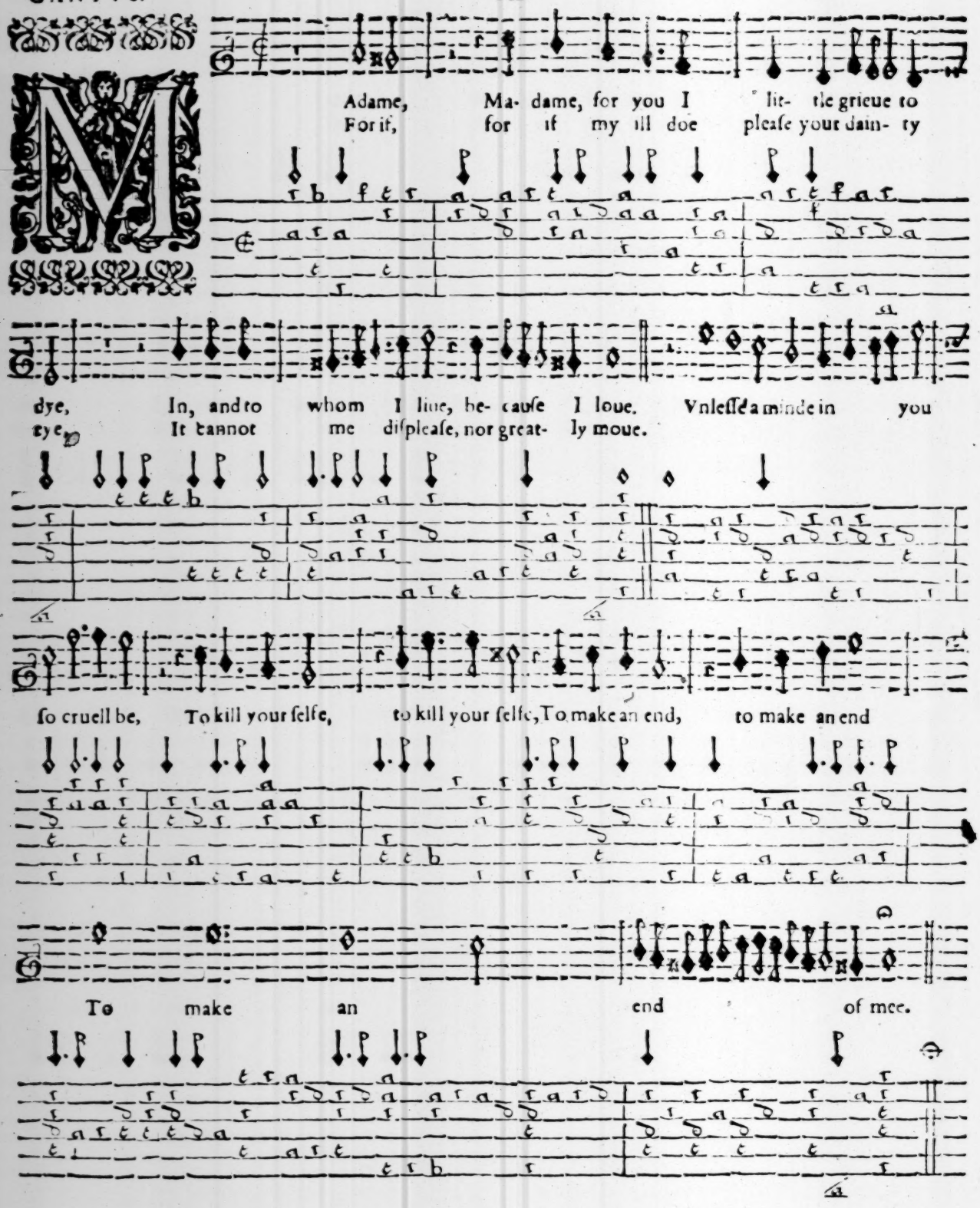
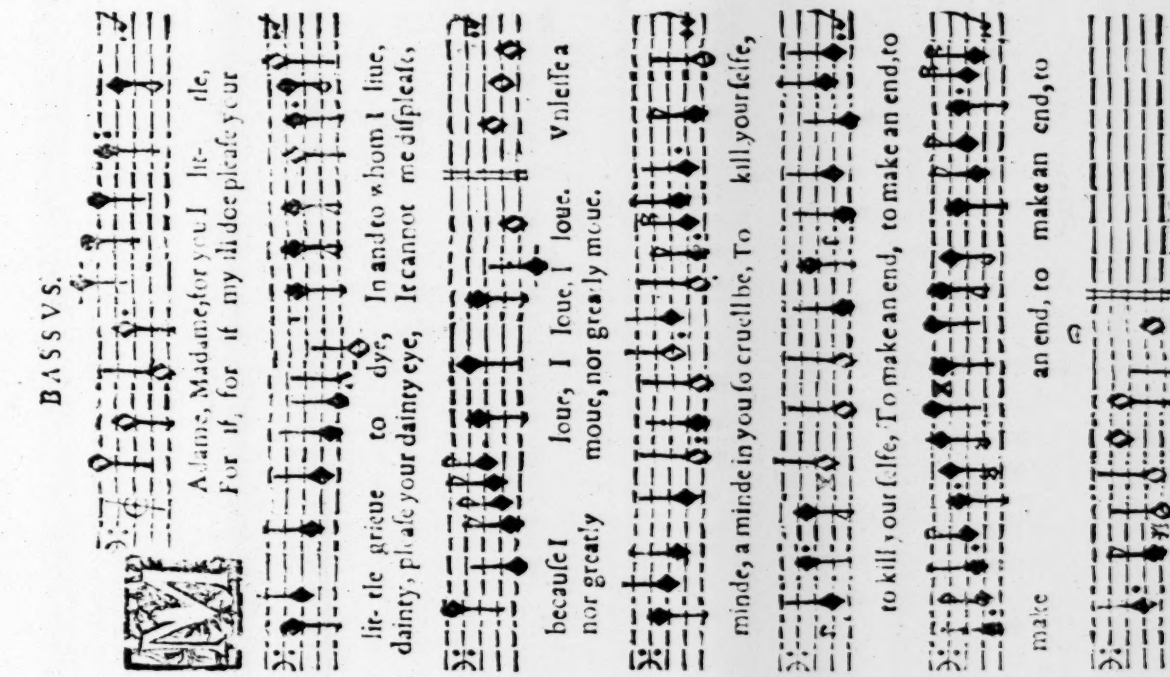




2 Onely I grieue that all my life is you,
Who by my death muſt needs in danger be:
For if I dye it cannot be but true,
The ſweeteſt of my life muſt die with mee;
If that a minde in you ſo cruell be,
To kill your ſelfe, to make an end of mee.

3 Wherefore, if of my life you haue no care,
Which I eſteeme but onely for your ſake:
Yet of your owne, which death it ſelfe would ſpare,
I am in hope you will ſome pitty take;
Vnleſſe a minde in you ſo cruell be,
To kill your ſelfe, to make an end of mee.

BASSVS.



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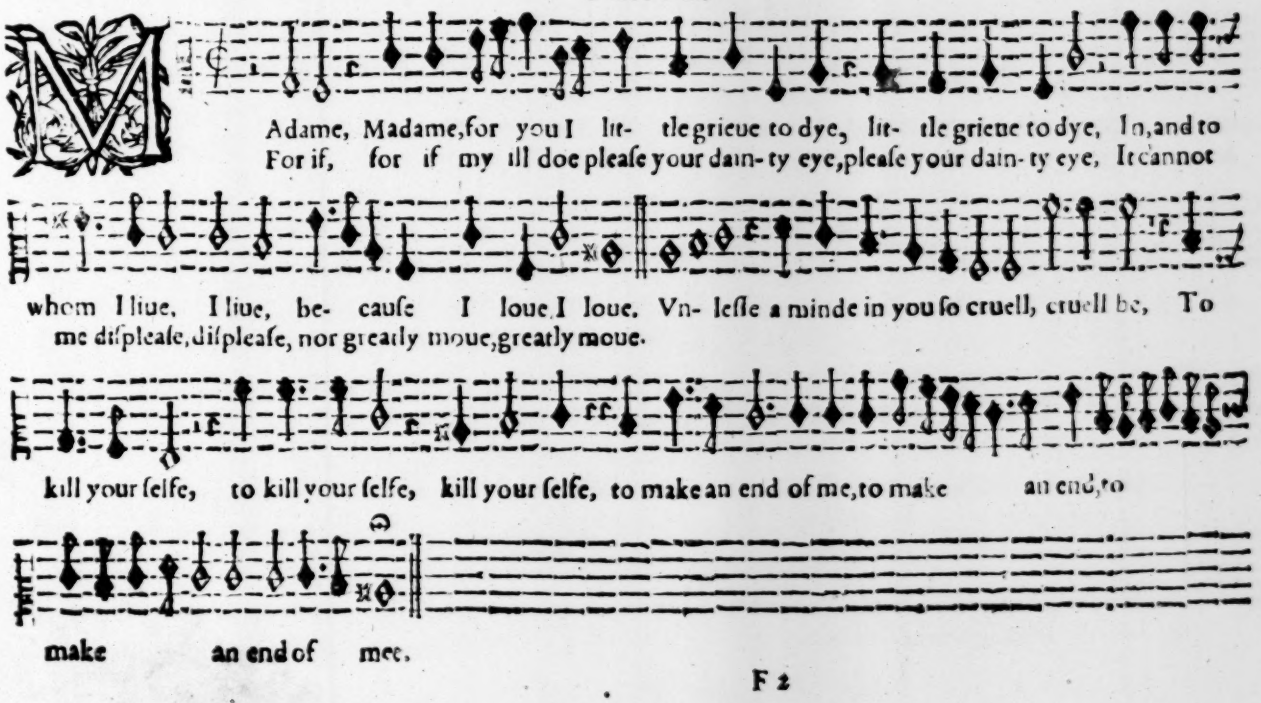


REfound my voyce, :||: yee woods that heare me

playne, Both Hils and Dales, Both Hils and Dales cau- ſing re- flecti- on, And Riuers eke re-

cord, :||: yee of my paine, that oft hath forc'd you to compaſ- ſion, :||:

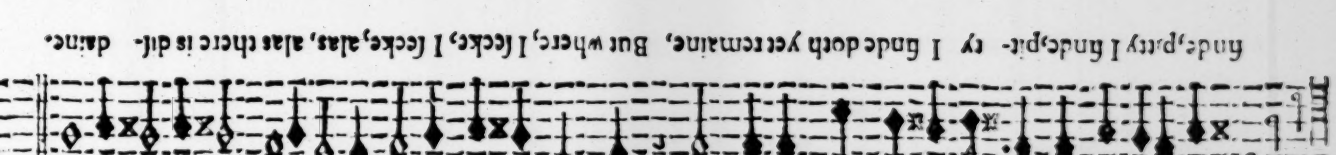
to com- paſ-ſion, Mongſt whom pitty I finde, :||: doth yet remaine, But

where I ſeeke, A- las, alas there is diſdaine.

2 Ye wandring Riuers oft to heare me ſound,
Haue ſtopt your courſe, and plainly to expreſſe
Your griefes, haue caſt teares on the wayling ground:
The Earth hath mourn'd to heare my heauineſſe,
Whoſe dull and ſenceleſſe nature I doe finde,
Farre more relenting then a Womans minde.

3 When that my woes I doe re-iterate,
The mighty Okes haue roared in the winde;
And in the view of this my wretched ſtate,
Each liuing thing bemones me in their kinde,
Saue onely thee that moſt my plaints ſhould rue,
Vpon my ore-charg'd heart doth griefes renew.

BASSVS.



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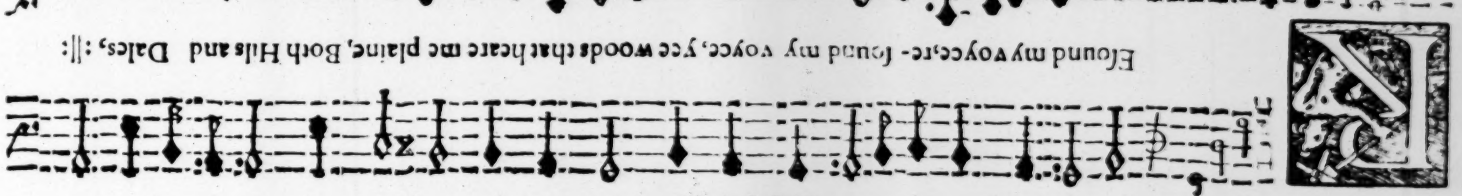

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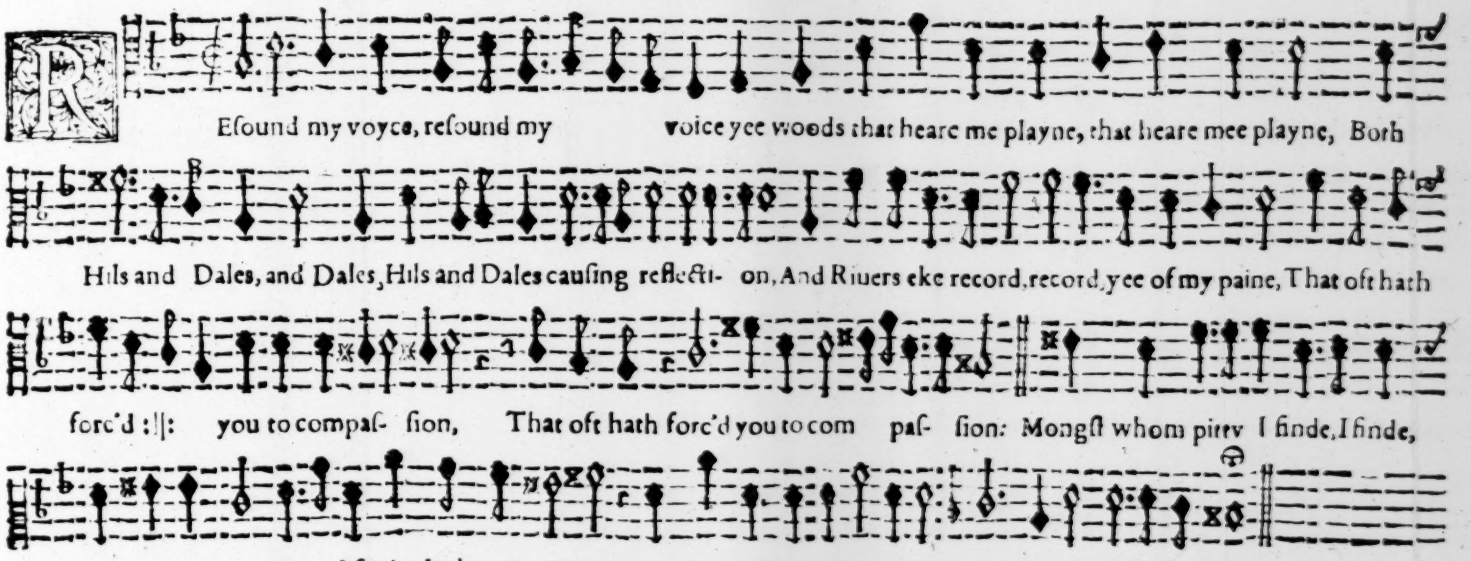


Aine hope a- due, a- due, Thou life-con- ſuming moath,
My well-ſpun threads, ſpun threads, Will make no cloath,

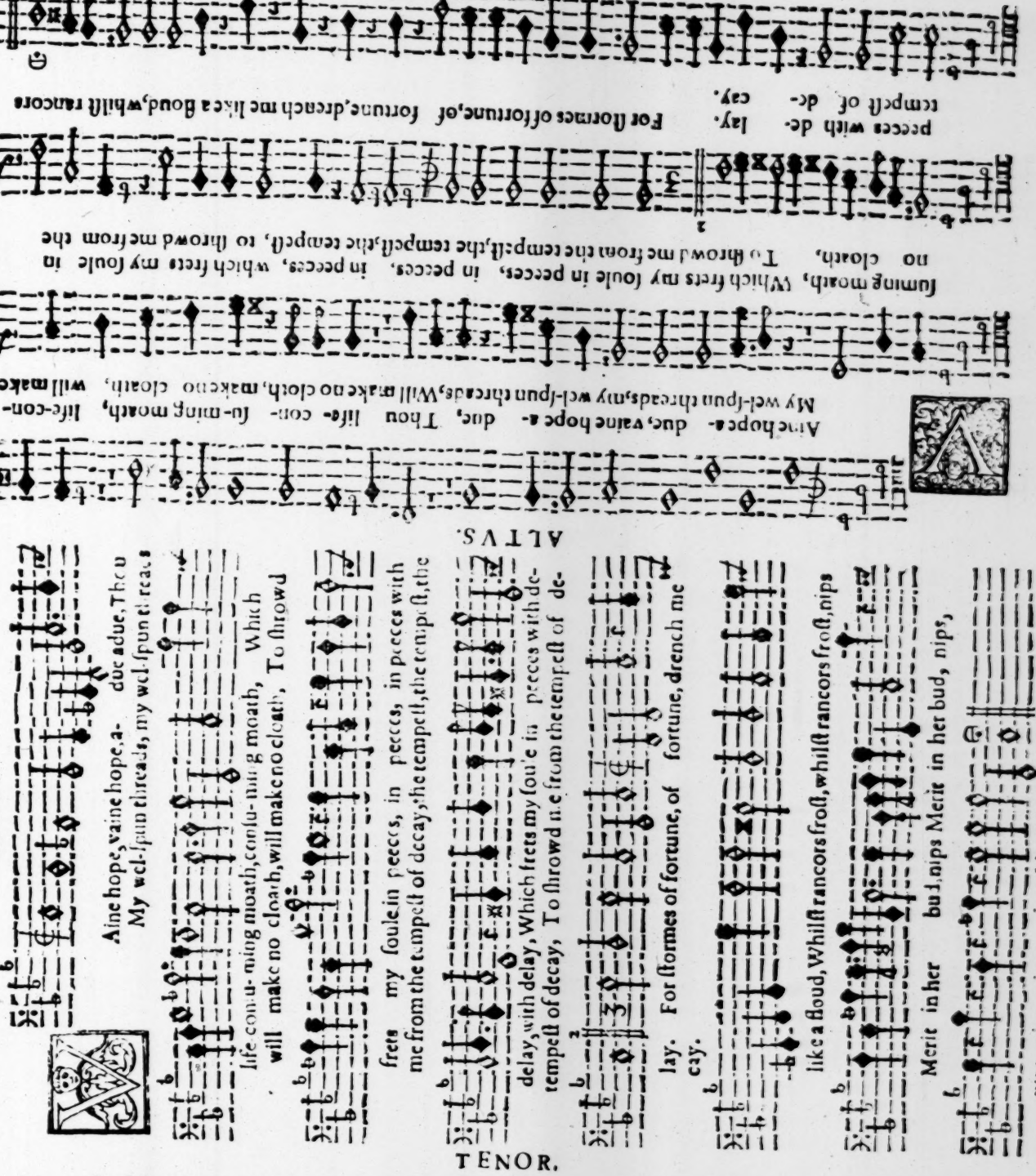
conſuming moath, Which frets my ſoule in peeces, in peeces, in
no cloath, To ſhrowd me from the tempeſt, the tempeſt, the

peeces with de- lay, Which frets my ſoule in pee- ces with delay. For ſtormes of
tempeſt of de- cay, To ſhrowd mee from the tem- peſt of decay.

fortune drench me like a flood, Whilſt rancors froſt, nips Merit in her bud, :||:

nips, nips, nips, nips, nips, Merit in her bud.

BASSVS.



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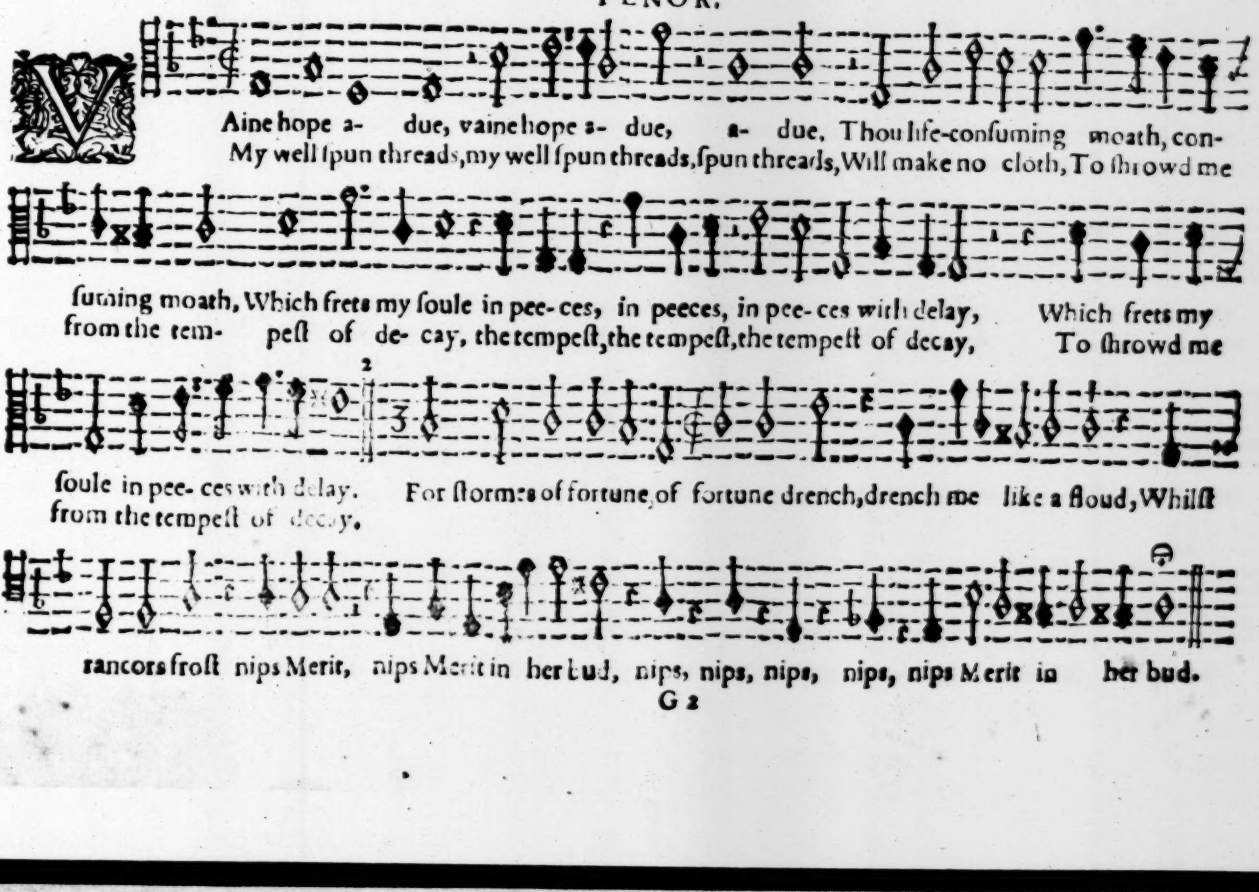


Weet was the ſong the Virgin ſung, when ſhe to *Bethelem* was come, And was de-

liuered of her Son, That bleſſed IESVS hath to name, Lulla- by,

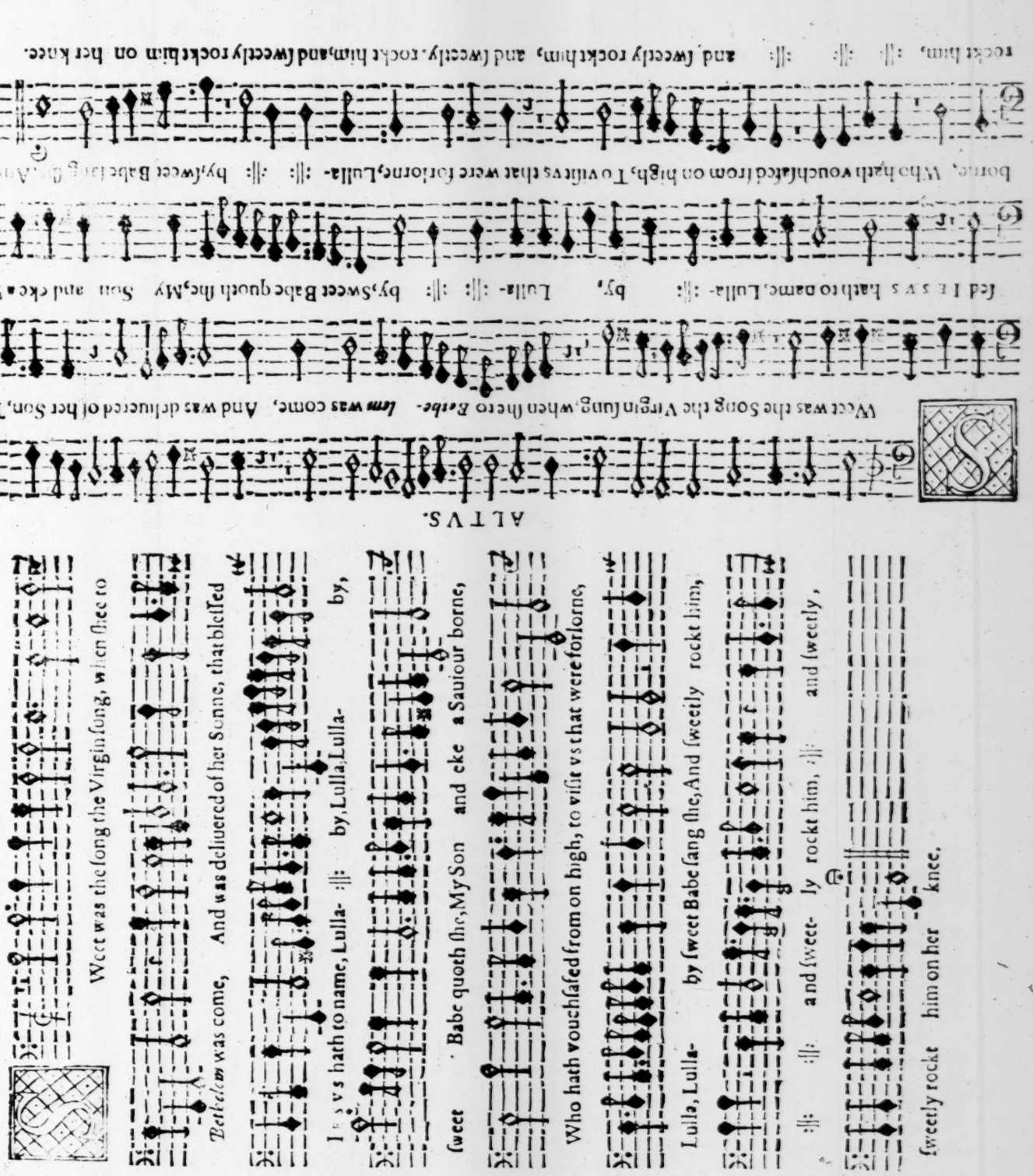
Lulla- by ſweet Babe quoth ſhe, My Son, and eke a Sauiour borne, Who hath vouchſafed

from on high, To viſit vs that were forlorne, Lulla, Lulla, Lulla- by, ſweet Babe ſang ſhe, And ſweetly rockt him,

rockt him, rockt him, and ſweetly rockt him, :‖: and ſweetly, ſweetly rockt him on

her knee.

BASSVS.



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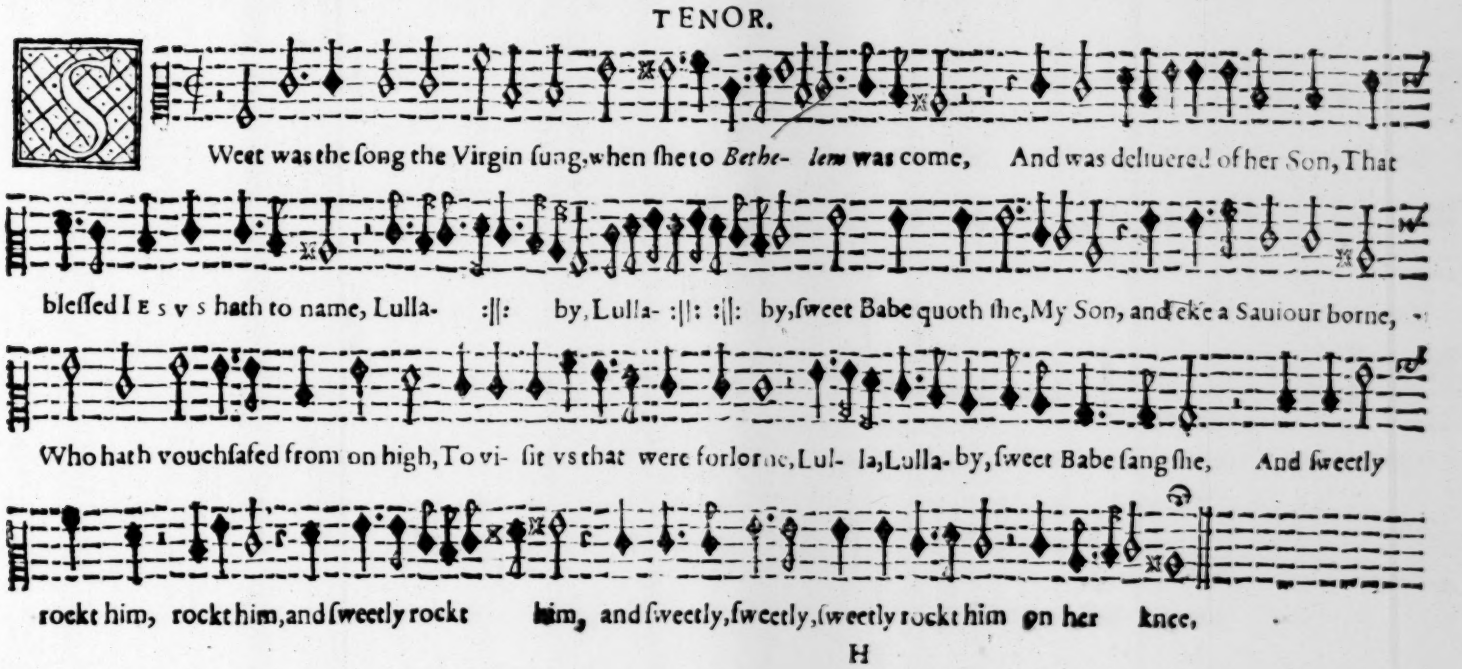

THE TABLE.

ON a time the Amorous Siluy.	I
The gordian knot which *Alexander* great.	II
What is all this world but vaine?	III
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My deareſt and deuineſt loue.	VI
Bright Starre of Beauty, on whoſe Temples ſit.	VII
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Ioy my Muſe, ſiace there is one.	IX
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Madame, for you I little grieue to dye.	XI
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Sweet was the ſong the Virgin ſung.	XIIII

FINIS.

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THE KERNELL OR EXTRACT OF THE HISTORICALL PART, OF S. AVGVSTINS Confessions;

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE most affectuous passages thereof;

TAKEN OVT OF THAT WHOLE Booke, & seuered from such parts, as are obscure.

PRINTED AT PARIS.

M. DC. XXXVIII.